TRANSLINGUAL

ISSUE 8 SPRING 2016

TRANSLINGUAL.ORG

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

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Dear Reader,

Welcome to the eighth issue of Translingual Magazine!

As usual, we bring you stories, poems, and thoughts from your peers on their quest for the perfect translation. We invite you to dive into this issue, and observe the many different perspectives and languages that Middlebury College's multilingual magazine has to offer.

Enjoy this new issue of Translingual!

Yours,

Translingual Editors-in-Chief,
Eliza Jaeger, Maddy Dickinson and Natalie Figueroa

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Photo by Pele Von

Taming My Inner Grammar Gremlin

Alexandra Muck 17.5

As a future English teacher, I feel like I ought to care more deeply about English grammar. I do care about it somewhat, but in the way one cares about walking. It's very useful, generally second nature, and only evident as a skill when you're stumbling on a rocky path or through an awkward sentence. To me, grammar seems generally mundane and quotidian. I take it for granted. I absorbed it as a child, memorized the finer points under threat of bad grades, and I live with it now as a college student. I still submit to the pressures of prescriptive grammar, but I am also a good liberal arts student. I question everything (using grammatically correct interrogative sentences), and my feelings about grammar are no exception.

I don't owe my norm-questioning prowess entirely to my Middlebury education; I grew up in schools that taught prescriptive grammar, and was a rather precocious student even then. I liked to ask "why?" (both to gain a deeper understanding and, admittedly, to test my teacher and delay class). When I questioned grammatical rules, I almost always got the unsatisfactory answer of, "that' s the way it is" or the slightly more descriptive, "that's the way things developed through history." I'll soon be a classroom English teacher in my own right, so I'm taking a class on English grammar to find some better answers for myself and my future students.

While I did question grammar rules in school, I also obeyed them for the sake of grades and good standing. When you follow rules long enough, they become second nature. And when you resent rules long enough, but have followed them, a reflexive desire to inflict them on others arises, like some kind of evangelical linguistic puritanism. I make errors regularly myself, yet I still cringe at misplaced apostrophes, secretly question the intelligence of people who make consistent grammar errors, and not so secretly skewer those who create signs, menus, and Facebook posts with basic grammar errors. My logical sense says: "We all make mistakes!" They might not have learned that lesson in school!" and "You still understand what they're saying, don't you?" However, my inner Grammar Gremlin—a creature who has grown strong on a diet of red pen and encouragements to spell out numbers under ten—pops up and grumbles, "the person who wrote that must be lazy, or dumb" or "I bet that restaurant with the 'taco' s' has been cited by the health department." Such is life.

I hope that as a teacher, I can use my editing powers to help my students, rather than in service of that judgmental gremlin in my head. Unfortunately, he is rather obstinate. During my work in a middle school classroom over J-Term, I helped students with their writing, trying to get it to sound "right," regardless of whether it conveyed their point in the first place. I'd like to use my native-speaker instincts to make editing students' papers easier, but I hope to go beyond instinct in the end. Before I call myself an English teacher, I plan to have compelling explanations of the grammatical structures that undergird the language.

If my explanations aren't good enough, I will let my students break the rules. I was talking with my boyfriend about grammar (because we're Middlebury students--nerds, through and through), and I came up with a classroom policy I'd like to instate. I would teach standard academic/professional grammatical conventions so I don't damage my students' chances of making it into college or getting jobs. However, I see that level of grammatical understanding as a bare minimum. If there is a grammar rule that one of my students questions, and I can't prove that it has a purpose for clarifying communication, then my students will have my blessing to ignore or edit the rule for the purposes of our class. I'm considering teaching grammar this way for a number of reasons:

1. To show that I listen and will take action regarding student's curiosities, criticisms, or concerns
2. To show students that convention doesn't always provide the best way, and accordingly, that it's not something they must hold sacred. It can be critiqued
3. To foster engagement by playing into students' desires to show what they know and prove teachers wrong
4. To help students understand concepts that they question
5. And, finally, to push me to keep learning—to consider which grammatical rules remain true to their purpose and which are just historical conventions of "standard" English

In the end, grammar might not be as quotidian as I originally proposed. Rather than being a walk in the park or a dusty rule book, grammar is actually something of a battleground. And I, as a future English teacher, plan to sit behind "enemy lines" knitting and quietly fomenting rebellion. I am working to become more progressive in my views of grammar. For me, this means going beyond my tendencies to judge grammaticality based on what "sounds right" to me, and critiquing my tendency to link grammatical compliance to status or intelligence. In order to do that, I plan to deepen my understanding of the hows and whys behind linguistic conventions. I want to share what I learn with my students so they can ace job interviews and college essays by using "proper grammar." Once my students have secured jobs or acceptance letters, I hope that they continue critiquing convention and questioning authority outside of our classroom. Maybe they will write new style guides! Maybe they will propose new innovative policies to their bosses! Maybe they convince their co-workers not to crucify their friend for putting random apostrophe's in his email's! Maybe I'm having delusions of grandeur! Only time will tell.

Until then, my inner Grammar Gremlin remains in a dim, cramped cubicle of my brain, chomping on a red pen, ready to pounce on errors and heckle those who make them. A bevy of conflict mediators are drafting documents for an intervention. Rumor has it that a large supply of blue pen ink has been offered, in addition to a more spacious cubical, if he concedes to move to the Editing and Student Grievance Analysis Department of my cranial bureaucracy. I'm sure that he'll always resent awkward sentences and errant punctuation. However, if he is finally respected for his skills, he may become a thoughtful conservative voice that will round out editing deliberations in brave new world of grammar. It will be a place where grammar is valued as a tool for intelligibility, rather than a measuring stick for intelligence, and a place where people realize that "taco's" with apostrophes could turn out to be the most delicious ones of all.

Photo by Maddy Dickinson

Aves Migratórias

Por Sandra Ruiz

Meu coração nasceu no ventre duma nação pequena
Onde só se fala Espanhol
Minha infância com as raízes da família completa
Disfrutando de alegria e de amor

Roxo, dourado, azul e vermelho são as cores da minha gente
Correndo descalço
Os perfumes das frutas e flores penetram nossa pele
Sinto o calor da sua respiração

O céu de Outubro chorou pela minha partida
A dor que senti na viagem
Antes da despedida senti a brisa em minhas asas
Apesar da tristeza, tive coragem

Força para começar um novo voo
Outras aventuras que traz esta migração
Não queremos perder nosso espírito aventuroso
Nesta jornada nós precisamos duma bênção

Ouvimos nossa terra chamando
Em solidão, experimentamos nostalgia
Lutando por nosso sonho
Longe da nossa pátria, cantamos uma triste melodia

Migratory Birds

By Sandra Ruiz

My heart was born in the womb of a small nation
Where only Spanish is spoken
My childhood with the complete family roots
Enjoying happiness and love

Purple, gold, blue, and red are the colors of my people
Running barefoot
The scents of fruits and flowers penetrate our skin
I feel the warmth of their breath

The October sky cried for my departure
The pain I felt on the journey
Before the farewell I felt the breeze on my wings
Despite the sadness, I was courageous

Strength to start a new flight
Other adventures that this migration brings
We do not want to lose our adventurous spirit
In this journey we need a blessing

We hear our land calling
In solidarity, we experience nostalgia
Fighting for our dream
Far from our homeland, we sing a sad melody

I wrote this poem for my first Portuguese class here at Middlebury. The poem speaks about my long journey to the United States and then unites my experience with other people's experiences migrating to the United States. Even though I am homesick for leaving the simplicity and beauty of El Salvador, I have found a community and a sense of togetherness with others who left their countries for better opportunities too.

Sandra Ruiz '18

Photo by James Kipp

Dear Laborers

A poem by Ahmed Shawqi (1868-1932)

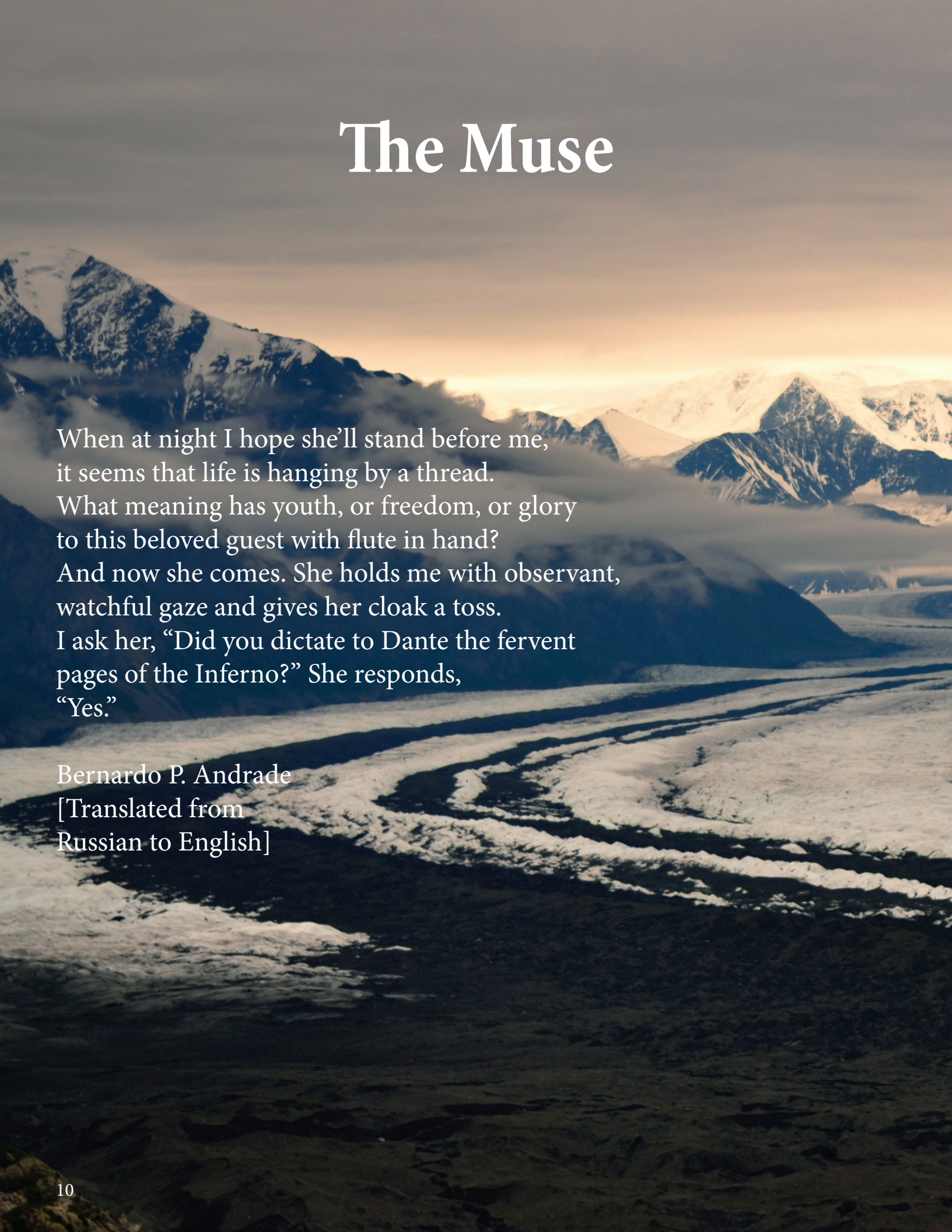
Translated by Hala Kassem '19

أيّها العمالُ، أفنوا ال عمر كداً واكتساباً
واعمروا الأرضَ، فلولا سعيُكم امست يَبابا
إن لي نصحاً إليكم إن اذِنْتُم وعِتابا
في زمان غَبِيَ النا صحُ فيه، أو تغابى
أين انتم من جدود خلدوا هذا الترابا؟
قَلَّدوه الأثرَ المُعجِزَ، والفنَّ العُجابا
وكَسَوْهُ أبدَ الدهرَ من الفخر ثيابا
أتقَنوا الصنعَةَ، حتى أخذوا الخُلدَ اغتصابا
إن للمتقِن عند الله والناسِ ثوابا
أتقِذُوا، يُحبِبْكُمُ الل هُ ويرفعْكم جنابا
أرضيتم أن تُرى (مصر ُ) من الفن خرابا؟
بعد ما كانت سماءً للصناعاتِ وغابا

Dear workers, spend your life working and gaining
And build the land, that without you would be dire
I have some advice if you may allow me and listen to me,
In a time where the intelligent man is seen as foolish
Where are you from your ancestors that immortalized this land?
Follow their miraculous legacy and their amazing art,
Their history that the world has admired so much, like wearing prideful clothes.
They mastered their crafts, till they grasped their immortality,
The diligent individuals are rewarded through God and the people,
Work hard and your status is raised,
Would you want Egypt to see wrecked art?
After it was the centre of industrialization?

Photo by Natalie Figueroa

The Muse



When at night I hope she'll stand before me,
it seems that life is hanging by a thread.
What meaning has youth, or freedom, or glory
to this beloved guest with flute in hand?
And now she comes. She holds me with observant,
watchful gaze and gives her cloak a toss.
I ask her, "Did you dictate to Dante the fervent
pages of the Inferno?" She responds,
"Yes."

Bernardo P. Andrade
[Translated from
Russian to English]

Муза

Муза
Когда я ночью жду ее прихода,
Жизнь, кажется, висит на волоске.
Что почести, что юность, что свобода
Пред милой гостьей с дудочкой в руке.
И вот вошла. Откинув покрывало,
Внимательно взглянула на меня.
Ей говорю: "Ты ль Данту диктовала
Страницы Ада?" Отвечает: "Я".

Anna Akhmatova
[Russian Original]

When translating Муза, the beautiful Russian poem by the modernist Akhmatova, I tried to reproduce in the English version the same rhythmic effects that I found in the original. So for all those who speak Russian, I apologize for the lack accuracy in the vocabulary – though I hope that the overall effect of the English version will be closer to the original that it would be otherwise!

Bernardo Andrade '18

Bernardo P. Andrade

Photo by James Kipp

The Nahual, the Spirit

Translated by Natalie Figueroa '18

Every child is born with a *nahual.* Their *nahual* is like their shadow. They will live parallel to each other, and their *nahual* is almost always an animal. The child has to be conversant with nature. For us the *nahual* is a representation of the earth, a representation of its animals, and a representation of the sea and sun. And all of this helps us create an image of this representation. It's as if the *nahual* is a persona that parallels mankind. It is an important concept. It teaches the child that if they kill an animal, the master of that animal will become irritate with the murderer because they murdered the *nahual*. Every animal has a corresponding human and by hurting the human, they are hurting the animal.

We have divided the days in terms of dogs, cats, bulls, birds. Each day has a *nahual*. If the child was born on a Wednesday, for example, their *nahual* would be a lamb. The *nahual* is determined by the birth day. Then, for that child, every Wednesday is their special day. If the child was born on Tuesday it's the worst case that a child could have because they will be furious. Parents know a child's attitude according to the birth day; because if they are touched by the bull *nahual,* parents say that the bull calf always gets angry. For the cat, they will like to constantly fight with their siblings.

For us or for our ancestors, there exists ten sacred days. Those ten sacred days represent a shadow. That shadow is of some animal.

There are dogs, bulls, horses, birds, there are wild animals such the lion. There are trees as well. A tree that they have chosen ages ago and has a shadow. Then each one of the ten days is represented by one of the aforementioned animals. These animals are not always one animal. For example, a dog, not just one but nine dogs represent a *nahual*. In the case of horses, tree represent a *nahual*. That is, there are a variety of options. You do not know the exact number. Or, rather, it is known, but only our parents know the exact number of animals that represent each of the ten days' *nahuals.*

But, for us, the most modest days are Wednesday, Monday, Saturday, and Sunday. The most modest. That is, they have to represent a sheep, for example. Or birds. In a sense that they are animals that do not harm other animals. In fact, before marriage, children are given an explanation of all of this information. Then they, as parents, would know when their child arrives which animal represents each day. However, there's something important to note. Parents do not tell us which animal is our *nahual* when we are children or when we act like children. We learn of our *nahual* the minute we have a matured attitude, that doesn't change, but at that point they know that is our attitude. Many times people can appreciate having the same *nahual*. If my *nahual* is a bull, for example I will... feel more prompt to fight with my siblings. Therefore, in order to avoid taking advantage of having the same *nahual*, they do not immediately tell children their *nahual*. Even though they compare children to their animal,

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

they do not do it to identify them to their *nahual*. The younger children do not know the adults' *nahual*. Adults tell them only when that person adopts a mature attitude. It can be at nine or nineteen or twenty years old. It is so the child does not keep insisting on knowing. And I would not say "I am that animal." So they need to hide the other *nahuals* from me. But when gifted with an animal, at ten or twelve years old, they receive one of the animals that represents their *nahual*. Of course, if you cannot give a lion, for example, it is substituted for a similar animal. Only our parents know what day we are born on. Or maybe it's the community because they were present at the time. But now the remaining neighbors of our communities do not know anything. They only know when we arrive to get our kindred spirits.

This is more than what goes into the birth of a child. When it is Tuesday and a child is not born, no one realizes and no one cares. That is, it is not a day that they observe or that they throw a party for. Many times one spends time with the animal that corresponds to our *nahual* before even know it. There are certain pleasures between us natives. The fact that we love nature and that we care for all that exists in this world. Nevertheless, one animal stands out that we like the most. That we very much love. And there comes a moment that speaks to us, that is our *nahual*, so we put all of our care and attention to that one animal.

All of the realms that exist on earth for us relate to man and contribute to man. It is not separate from man; that man here, that animal there, but they maintain a constant relationship. It is a parallel concept. We can see it in native last names as well. There are many last names that are animals. For example, Quej, is horse.

We natives have hidden our identity, we have guarded most of our secrets, because of this we are discriminated against. For us, many times, it is extremely difficult to say something related to our identities because we know to hide this until guaranteed that what follows is an indigenous culture, that no one can take away from us. Because of this I cannot explain the *nahual* but there are certain aspects that I can say.

I cannot say which nahual is mine because it is one of our secrets.

Photo by Sarah Yang

El Nahual de Me llamo Rigoberta Menchú, y así me nació la consciencia

por Rigoberta Mechú y Elizabeth Burgos

Todo niño nace con su nahual. Su nahual es como su sombra. Van a vivir paralelamente y casi siempre es un animal el nahual. El niño tiene que dialogar con la naturaleza. Para nosotros el nahual es un representante de la tierra, un representante de los animales y un representante del agua y del sol. Y todo eso hace que nosotros nos formemos una imagen de ese representante. Es como una persona paralela al hombre. Es algo importante. Se le enseña al niño que si se mata un animal el dueño de ese animal se va a enojar con la persona, porque le está matando al nahual. Todo animal tiene un correspondiente hombre y al hacerle daño, se le hace daño al animal.

Nosotros tenemos divididos los días en perros, en gatos, en toros, en pájaros. Cada día tiene un nahual. Si el niño nació el día miércoles, por ejemplo, su nahual seria una ovejita. El nahual está determinado por el día de nacimiento. Entonces, para ese niño, todos los miércoles son su día especial. Si el niño nació el martes es la peor situación que tiene el niño porque será muy enojado. Los papás saben la actitud del niño de acuerdo con el día que nació. Porque si le tocó como nahualito un toro, las papás dicen que el torito siempre se enoja. Al gato le gustará pelear mucho con sus hermanitos.

Para nosotros o para nuestros antepasados, existen diez días sagrados. Esos diez días sagrados, representan una sombra. Esa sombra es de algún animal.

Hay perros, toros, caballos, pájaros, hay animales salvajes como, por ejemplo, un león. Hay también árboles. Un árbol que se ha escogido hace muchos siglos y que tiene una sombra. Entonces cada uno de los diez días está representado por uno de los animales mencionados. Estos animales no siempre tienen que ser uno. Por ejemplo, un perro, no sólo uno va a representar sino que nueve perros representan un nahual. El caso de los caballos, tres caballos representan un nahual. O sea, tiene muchas variedades. No se saber el número. O se sabe, pero sólo nuestros papás saben el número de animales que representan cada uno de los nahuales de los diez días.

Pero, para nosotros, los días más humildes son el día miércoles, el lunes, el sábado y el domingo. Los más humildes. O sea, tendrían que representar una oveja, por ejemplo. O pájaros. Así, animales que no estropeen a otros animales. De hecho, a los jóvenes, antes de casarse, se les da la explicación de todo esto. Entonces sabrían ellos, como padres, cuando nace su hijo, qué animal representa cada uno de los días. Pero, hay una cosa muy importante. Los padres no nos dicen a nosotros cuál es nuestro nahual cuando somos menores de edad o cuando tenemos todavía actitudes de niño. Sólo vamos a saber nuestro nahual cuando ya tengamos una actitud fija, que no varía, sino que ya se sabe esa nuestra actitud. Porque mu

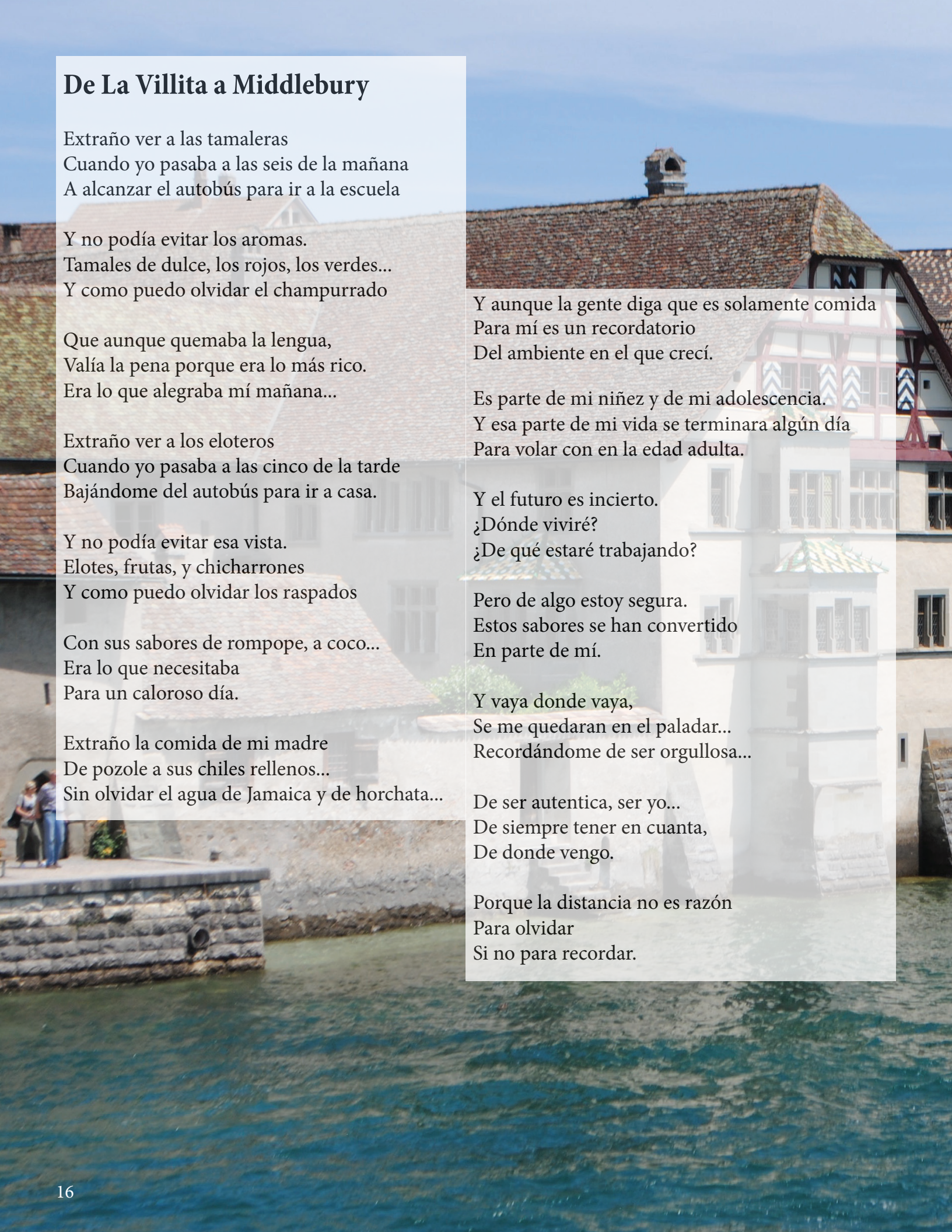
chas veces se puede uno aprovechar del mismo nahual, si mi nahual es un toro, por ejemplo tendré... ganas de pelear con los hermanos. Entonces, para no aprovecharse del mismo nahual, no se le dice a los niños. Aunque muchas veces se les compara a los niños con el animal, pero no es para identificarlo con su nahual. Los niños menores no saben el nahual de los mayores. Se les dice sólo cuando la persona tiene ya la actitud como adulto. Puede ser a los nueve o a los diecinueve o veinte años. Es para que el niño no se encapriche. Y que no vaya a decir, yo soy tal animal. Entonces me tienen que aguantar los otros. Pero cuando se le regalan sus animales, a los diez o doce años, tiene que recibir uno de los animales que representa su nahual. Pero si no se le puede dar un león, por ejemplo, se le suple por otro animal parecido. Sólo nuestros papás saben qué día nacimos. O quizá la comunidad porque estuvo presente en ese tiempo. Pero ya los demás vecinos de otros pueblos no sabrían nada. Sólo sería cuando llegamos a ser íntimos amigos.

Esto es más que todo para el nacimiento de un niño. Cuando es martes y no nace un niño, nadie se da cuenta o nadie se interesa. O sea, no es un día que se guarda o se hace fiesta. Muchas veces uno se encariña con el animal que corresponde a nuestro nahual antes de saberlo. Hay ciertos gustos entre nosotros los indígenas. El hecho de que amamos mucho a la naturaleza y tenemos gran cariño a todo lo que existe. Sin embargo, sobresale algún animal que nos gusta más. Lo amamos mucho. Y llega un momento que nos dicen, que es nuestro nahual, entonces le damos más cariño al animal.

Todos los reinos que existen para nosotros en la tierra tienen que ver con el hombre y contribuyen al hombre. No es parte aislada el hombre; que hombre allí, que animal por allá, sino que es una constante relación, es algo paralelo. Podemos ver en los apellidos indígenas también. Hay muchos apellidos que son animales. Por ejemplo, Quej, caballo.

Nosotros los indígenas hemos ocultado nuestra identidad, hemos guardado muchos secretos, por eso somos discriminados. Para nosotros es bastante difícil muchas veces decir algo que se relaciona con uno mismo porque uno sabe que tiene que ocultar esto hasta que garantice que va a seguir como una cultura indígena, que nadie nos puede quitar. Por eso no puedo explicar el nahual pero hay ciertas cosas que puedo decir a grandes rasgos.

Yo no puedo decir cuál es mi nahual porque es uno de nuestros secretos.



De La Villita a Middlebury

Extraño ver a las tamaleras
Cuando yo pasaba a las seis de la mañana
A alcanzar el autobús para ir a la escuela

Y no podía evitar los aromas.
Tamales de dulce, los rojos, los verdes...
Y como puedo olvidar el champurrado

Que aunque quemaba la lengua,
Valía la pena porque era lo más rico.
Era lo que alegraba mí mañana...

Extraño ver a los eloteros
Cuando yo pasaba a las cinco de la tarde
Bajándome del autobús para ir a casa.

Y no podía evitar esa vista.
Elotes, frutas, y chicharrones
Y como puedo olvidar los raspados

Con sus sabores de rompope, a coco...
Era lo que necesitaba
Para un caloroso día.

Extraño la comida de mi madre
De pozole a sus chiles rellenos...
Sin olvidar el agua de Jamaica y de horchata...

Y aunque la gente diga que es solamente comida
Para mí es un recordatorio
Del ambiente en el que crecí.

Es parte de mi niñez y de mi adolescencia.
Y esa parte de mi vida se terminara algún día
Para volar con en la edad adulta.

Y el futuro es incierto.
¿Dónde viviré?
¿De qué estaré trabajando?

Pero de algo estoy segura.
Estos sabores se han convertido
En parte de mí.

Y vaya donde vaya,
Se me quedaran en el paladar...
Recordándome de ser orgullosa...

De ser autentica, ser yo...
De siempre tener en cuanta,
De donde vengo.

Porque la distancia no es razón
Para olvidar
Si no para recordar.

From Little Village to Middlebury

I miss seeing the lady that would sell tamales
When I passed at six o'clock in the morning
To catch the bus to go to school

And I could not avoid the aromas.
Sweet, red, and green tamales...
And how to forget the champurrado

Even though it burned the tongue,
It was worth it because it was the richest.
It was what pleased me in the morning...

I miss seeing the man that would sell corn
When I passed at five p.m.
Getting off the bus to go home.

And I could not help to see that view.
Corn, fruits, and chicharrones
And how to forget the shaved ice...

With its flavors from eggnog to coconut...
It was what I needed
On a hot day.

I miss my mother's food
From pozole to her stuffed chili peppers...
Not forgetting hibiscus tea and horchata...

And even if people say it's only food
For me it is a reminder
Of the environment in which I grew up.

It is part of my childhood and my adolescence.
And that part of my life will end someday
Flying into adulthood.

And the future is uncertain.
Where will I live?
What I will be working as?

But there is something that I'm sure of.
These flavors have become
Part of me.

And wherever I go,
They will stay on the palate...
Reminding me tobe proud...

To be authentic, being me
To always have in mind,
Where I come from.

Because distance is not a reason
To forget
But rather to remember.

I am glad to say that I consider Middlebury my second home. And I am sure I will continue loving it even more. However, there are times when I miss home, and I just wanted to share a piece of my first home!

Jocelyn Tenorio '19

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

Njeriu dhe Koha - Dritëro Agolli

Photo by James Kipp

Vërtitet një re e zezë mbi botë
e zezë si unë
leh natën një qen i tërbuar nën portë
tërbuar si unë

zvarritet një gjarpër nga rrugë e vithisur
një gjarpër si unë
kalojnë në shtigje plot njerëz të krisur
të krisur si unë

lëkunden në qoshe të rrugëve kurvat
lëkunden si unë
bërtasin lypsarët si kafshët në guvat
në guvat si unë

kercejnë majmunët në pyjet e xhunglat
majmunçe dhe unë
jeton botë e çmendur me vallet dhe plumbat
e çmendur si unë

tmerrohet njeriu kur lind mbinjeriu
tmerrohem dhe unë
kur vdes mbinjeriu merr zemër fatziu
marr zemër dhe unë.

Man and Time - Dritëro Agolli

Translated by Mishel Kondi

A dark cloud wallows above the world
dark as I
a mad dog barks under the threshold
mad as I

a snake drags from a collapsing path
a snake like I through trails pass loads of broken people broken like I

prostitutes sway at the corners of streets
sway like I
beggars' scream like animals in caves
in caves like I

monkeys dance in the forests and jungles
monkeys and I
a mad world lives amongst rhythmical ways and bullets mad like I

the fledgling of the ideal man terrifies a man
terrified am I
as the ideal man perishes the hapless man takes heart
taking heart am I.

Photo by Danilo Herrera

Dritëro Agolli

This piece was written by Dritëro Agolli, born in 1931, in Menkulas in the Devoll District near Korça, Albania. At age 9, he became involved in the National Liberation War against Nazism, as a courier in Partisan fighting Units.

His satirical novel, “The Rise and Fall of Comrade Zylo,” is the most translated book. This novel was welcomed by an intrigued audience in France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Russia and other countries. Agolli’s novels have also become the basis for a number of featured films. Amongst the most renowned films are, "The Bronze Bust" (novel "Commissar Memo"), and "The Man with the Cannon”. Prominent writer, Agolli Dritëro, in addition to poems, novels, and stories, has also written screenplays. The first film for which he prepared a script was "Open Horizons.” Dritëro Agolli is known as an English interpreter as well. He translated poems written by Robert Burns, and poems by Paul Eluard, which has written a few pieces concerning Albania.

Mishel Kondi '19

Photo by Rachilel Kang

Songs of Love and Pain – Yehuda Amichai (translated into English by Glenda Abramson and Tudor Parfitt)

While we were together
We were like a useful pair of scissors.

After we parted we again
Became two sharp knives
Stuck in the world's flesh
Each one in its own place.

Chansons d'Amour et de Souffrage

Pendant que nous étions ensembles
Nous fûmes comme une paire utile de ciseaux

Après que nous fûmes partis nous sommes encore
Devenues deux couteaux tranchants
Coincés dans la chair du monde
Chacun dans sa propre place.

Yehuda Amichai is one of my favorite poets, but since I don't know Hebrew, I've always had to read his poetry in translation. It was fun (but also frustrating) to translate one of his poems that I knew Glenda Abramson and Tudor Parfitt had already spent considerable time translating into English. Working on my own translation made me think about what might have been lost (or gained) in the translation from Hebrew to English, and then in translations from English to French, and I'm hoping to find a Hebrew-French translation I can compare to my own translation! In some ways, this doubly filtered perspective seems more reflective of the way we often receive information (second-, third-, or fourth-hand). I enjoyed the chance to think more deeply about how my writing and language, in translation work but also more generally, function as a conduit for the perspective of others.

Emma McDonald '16

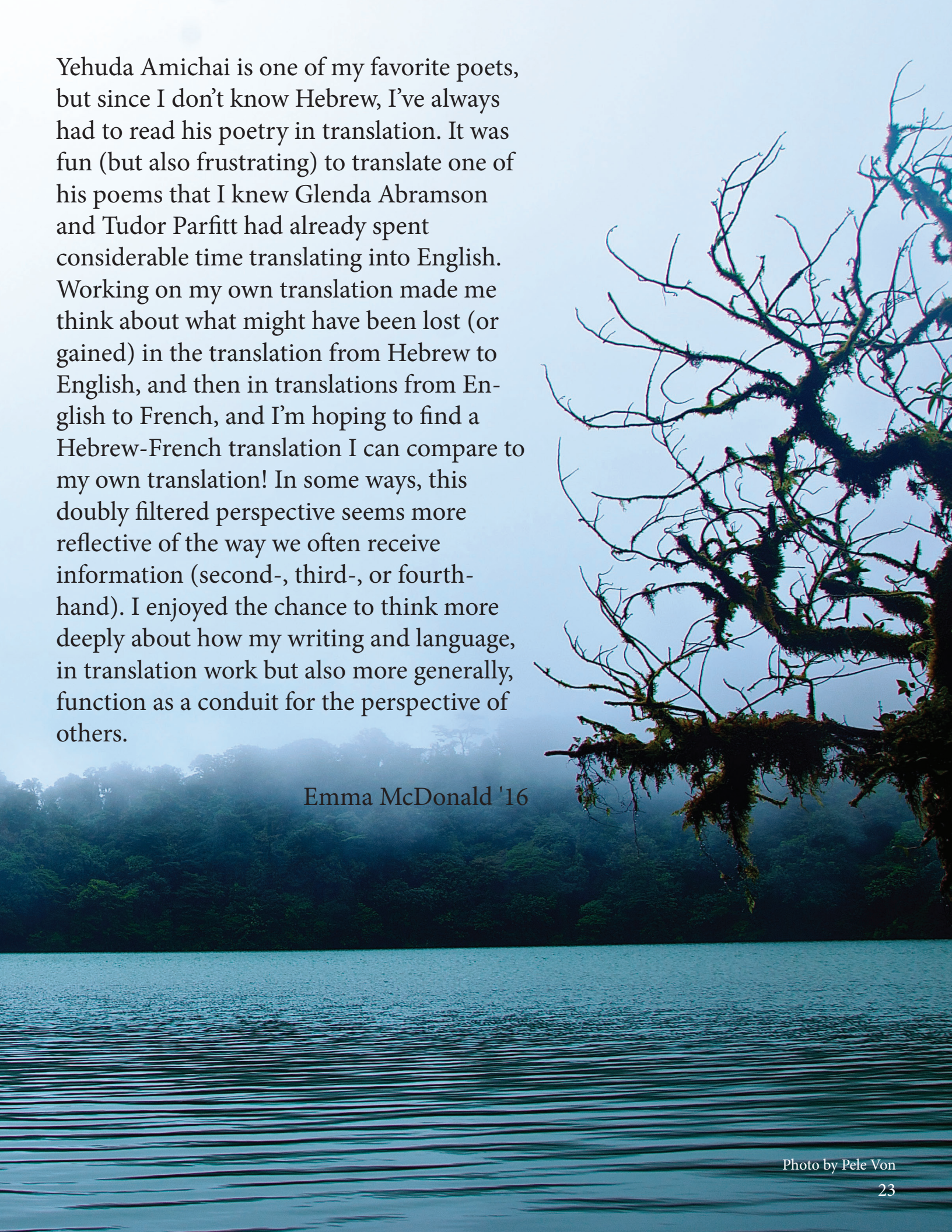
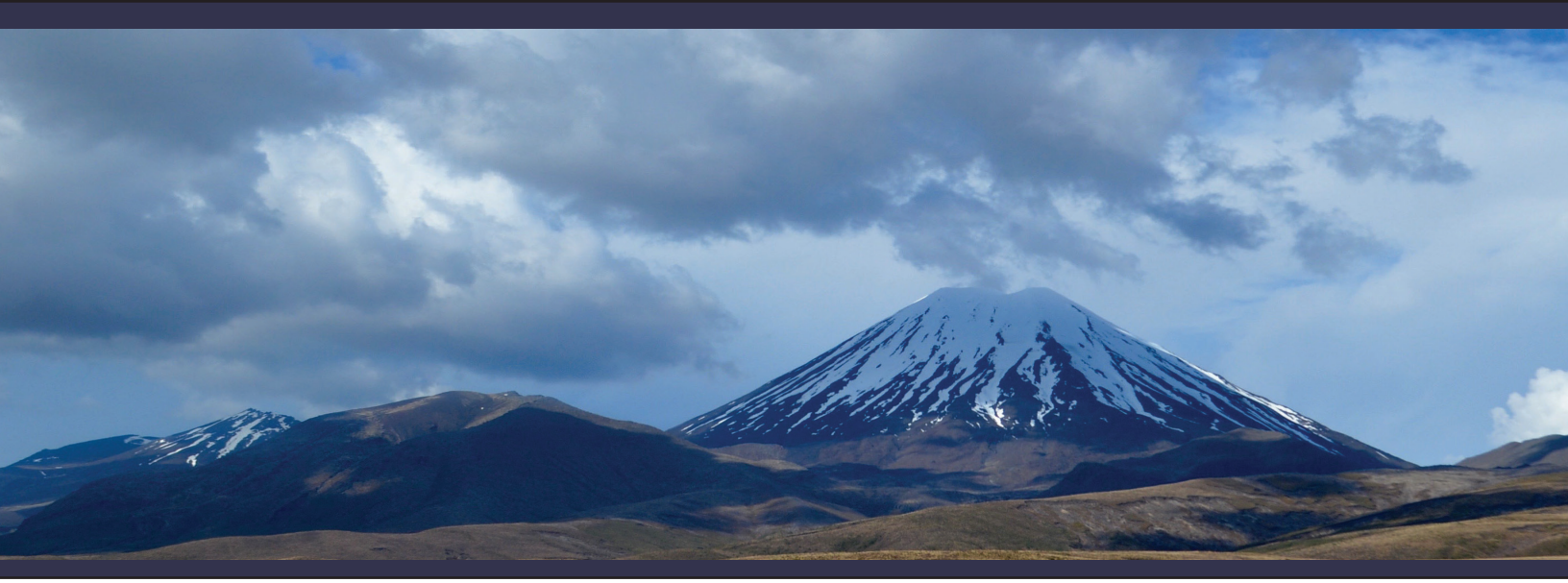


Photo by Pele Von



舌切り雀

とんと昔、あるところにお爺さんとお婆さんがいました。お爺さんは毎日山へ柴刈りに出かけます。ある日、お爺さんが弁当を木に吊るしておいたら、ちゅんちゅん、雀がやって来ました。
「おや、美味そうなご馳走だこと。」雀は弁当包みの中にこっそりもぐり込みました。

「やれやれ、腹が減った。」お爺さんが仕事をやめ、弁当包みを取ろうとしたら、雀がちょっこり首を出して寝ています。「よしよし、お前にも食わせてやるぞ。」お爺さん が包みを開くと どう でしょう。雀は もう弁当を たらふく食べて ころころ太っていました。

お爺さんは雀を家に連れて帰りました。なんとも可愛い雀で、ちょんちょん鳴いちゃ、お爺さんの側を離れません。お爺さんはこの雀に、おちょんという名前をつけて、それはそれは大事に育てました。良い天気の日でした。お婆さんが囲炉裏でぐつぐつ糊を煮ていました。
「お爺さん、はよ仕事に行きなされ。」
「でも、おちょんがかわゆうて……」
お爺さんは、おちょんを手に乗せ、離しません。
「ふん、雀ばっかり可愛がって。」お婆さんが怒って言いました。
そこで、お爺さんは渋々、おちょんを離して山へ仕事に出かけました。

「おちょん、猫に糊を食われんようしっかり番をしておれ。」
お婆さんは川へ洗濯に行きました。糊はいい具合に冷めて、なんとも美味そう。おちょんは、もう我慢できずに糊を食べました。

お婆さんが戻ってくると、鍋の中の糊がありません。
「おちょん、糊はどうした。」
「猫が食うたよ。」
お婆さんが猫の口を見ると糊が付いていません。ところが、おちょんの口には糊が いっぱいです。おちょんは慌てて舐めましたが、もう遅い。
「この恩知らずめが。」

Photo by Maddie Provonst

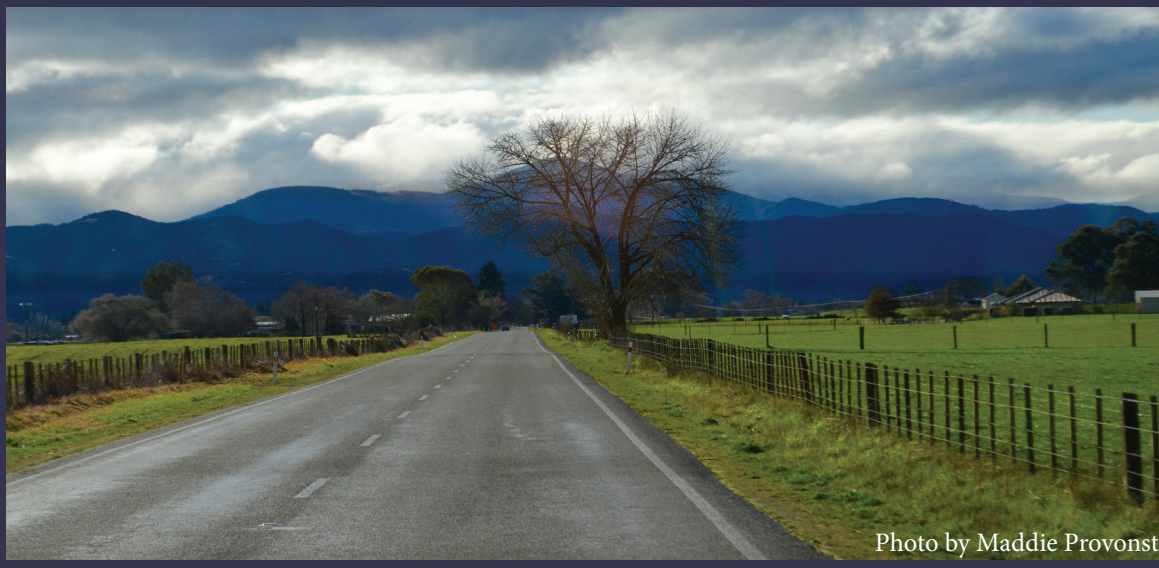


Photo by Maddie Provonst

お婆さんは怒って、おちょんの舌を鋏でちょん切り、外へ追い出しました。
お爺さんはおちょんに会いたくて、仕事が済むと急いで戻ってきました。ところが、おちょんの姿がありません。
「お婆さん、おちょんはどうした。」
「糊を食うたで、舌をちょん切り、追い出してやっただ。」
「なんじゃと。そんな酷いことを。」

お爺さんは、ぽろぽろ涙をこぼしました。しばらくしょんぼりしていましたが、おちょんのことを思うと、じっとしていられません。
「おら、おちょんを探してくる。」
おちょん雀はどっちへ行った、舌切り雀はどっちへ行った、泣きそうな声で呼びながら、お爺さんはとぼとぼ歩いて行きました。すると、牛洗いが川で牛を洗っていました。

「牛洗いどん、牛洗いどん、舌切り雀を見なんだか。」
「見た見た。だども、牛を洗うた水を三杯飲まにゃ教えんぞ。」
お爺さんは我慢して、その水を飲みました。
「そんなら、この先の馬洗いどんに聞くがええ。」
しばらく行くと、馬洗いが川で馬を洗っていました。

「馬洗いどん、馬洗いどん、舌切り雀を見なんだか。」
「見た見た。だども、馬を洗うた水を三杯飲まにゃ教えんぞ。」
お爺さんは我慢して、その水を飲みました。
「そんなら、この先の菜洗いどんにきくがええ。」

またまたしばらく行くと、菜洗いが川で大根を洗っていました。
「菜洗いどん、菜洗いどん、舌切り雀を見なんだか。」
「見た見た。だども、大根を洗うた水を三杯飲まにゃ教えんぞ。」
お爺さんは我慢して、その水も飲みました。
「そんなら、この先の竹やぶに行くがええ。」

舌切り雀はどっちへ行った、おちょん雀はどっちへ行った、お爺さんが竹やぶに入っていくと、一本の太い竹の穴から雀の声がしました。
「お爺さんか、お婆さんか。」
「お爺さんじゃ、お爺さんじゃ。」
「そんなら早う入りませ。」
お爺さんが竹の穴を覗いたら、みるみる辺りが暗くなり、気が遠くなりました。
はっと気がつくと、お爺さんは立派な座敷に座っていました。
「お爺さん、よく来てくれました。」
きれいな着物を着た雀たちが、ご馳走を運んでくるやら、歌を歌うやら。お爺さんは時間の経つのも忘れてみとれていました。

お爺さんが帰ろうとすると、雀たちが二つのつづらを持ってきました。
「お爺さん、お土産です。重いつづらと軽いつづらとどっちが欲しい。」
「おら、年寄りだで軽い方がええ。」

お爺さんが家に戻ってつづらを開けると、どうでしょう。大判小判がぎっしり。
「あれまあ、お爺さん、どこでもろうた。
「おら、雀にもろうた。」
お爺さんはお婆さんに今日のことを詳しく話してあげました。そのとたん、お婆さんが言いました。
「なんちゅう馬鹿者だ。なんで重いつづらをもろうてこん。よし、おらがいってくる。」

舌切り雀はどっちへ行った、おちょん雀はどっちへ行った、
お婆さんが声を張り上げると、竹の穴から雀の声がしました。
「お爺さんか、お婆さんか。」
「お婆さんじゃ、お婆さんじゃ。」
「そんなら早う入りませ。」

気がつくと、お婆さんはいつの間にやら座敷に座っていました。すると着物を着た雀たちが、欠けた茶碗でお茶を持ってきました。
「おら、茶など欲しくない。早うつづらをくれ。」
お婆さんは重いつづらを背負うと、さっさと帰って行きました。

ところが、つづらは重くてお婆さんはあっちへふらふら、こっちへふらふら。やっと竹やぶを出ましたが、もう一歩も歩けません。
「どれ、この辺でちょっくら休んで中を覗いてみるか。」
お婆さんはつづらを下ろし、そっとふたを開けました。
「ぎゃあ！」

お婆さんは飛び上がりました。なんと、つづらの中から蛇やら百足やらが次々と出てきて、お婆さんを刺し殺してしまいました。

The Tongue-Cut Sparrow

Translated by Maya Reich '19

The Tongue-Cut Sparrow is a Japanese folklore tale about a kind old man, his greedy and manipulative wife and the man's beloved sparrow who is harmed by the wife. It is a popular tale often read to children in Japan, and was one of my favorite short stories growing up. The folktale emphasizes the morals of friendship and hospitality and the danger of greed. The old man and sparrow's relationship explores the benefits of friendship and hospitality and the notion that those who are generous and live simply will be rewarded. On the other hand, the fate of the old woman warns us that karma will punish those who indulge in materialism and selfishness.

Very long ago, there lived an old man and an old woman. Every day, the old man walks up to the mountain to cut firewood. One day, the old man hung his lunch on a tree branch, attracting a sparrow to the lunch bag. "Oh, this lunch looks delicious." the sparrow said. The sparrow burrowed into the lunch bag stealthily. "Boy oh boy, I've gotten hungry," the old man said. The old man stopped working, and when he tried to grab his lunch bag, he saw the sparrow sleeping inside, its head sticking out of the lunch bag. "It's okay, sparrow, I shall feed you too."

However, as the old man opened his lunch bag, he found that the sparrow had already eaten it all and its stomach was round and bloated. The old man carried the sparrow home with him. The sparrow was rather cute and would never leave the old man's side. The old man named her Ochon, and he put great efforts in taking care of her. One day, when the weather was nice, the old woman was cooking and she said to the old man, "Please be on your way to work, old man." "But Ochon is so cute..." the old man said. The old man put Ochon into his hand and would not let her go. You only pay attention to this sparrow!" the old woman yelled. Grudgingly, the old man left Ochon to go to work in the mountains.

"Ochon, keep watch over the rice starch so that the cat won't eat it." the old woman commanded Ochon. Meanwhile, the old woman left and went to a stream to wash her laundry. By this time, the starch cooled to a nice temperature and looked delicious. Unable to resist the temptation, Ochon ate all of the starch.

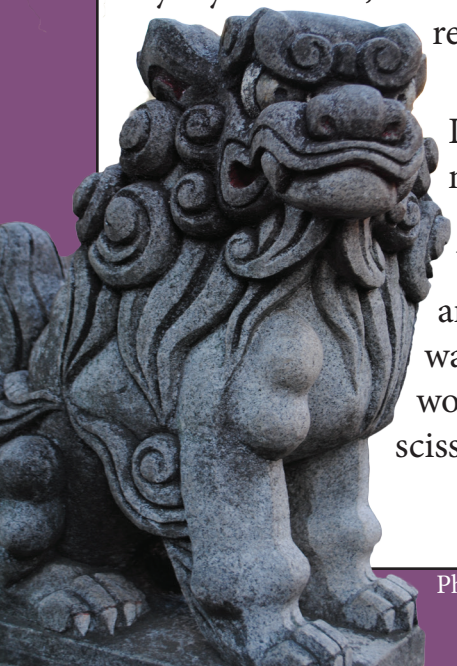


Photo by Eliza Jaeger

Later, when the old woman returned, she realized that the starch was no longer there. "Ochon, what happened to the starch?" "The cat ate it all," Ochon replied. The old woman then looked inside the cat's mouth but did not see any starch on the cat. However, there was lots of starch around Ocho's mouth. Ochon tried to lick the starch off its mouth, but it was too late. "How dare you do that!" the old woman screamed. The old woman became furious, cut off Ochon's tongue with a pair of scissors, and kicked her out of the house.

All day, the old man wanted to play with Ochon. When the day's work was done, he hurried back home but Ochon was nowhere in sight! "Old woman, where is Ochon?" the old man asked. "Ochon ate the starch I made so I cut off her tongue and made her leave." "What in the world!" the old man stammered. "How could you do such a terrible thing..." The old man began to cry and for a long time, he was anguished, but whenever he thought about Ochon, he became anxious and restless. "Oh dear, I must go find Ochon." Ochon, where have you gone? Tongue-cut sparrow, where have you gone? Close to tears, the old man called out in a trembling voice and continued to walk, searching.

Before long, a cow washer was seen washing his cow in the stream. "Hello cow washer, have you seen a sparrow with a cut tongue?" "Yes, I have seen it. However, unless you drink three buckets of the water I used to wash this cow, I will not tell you." Begrudgingly, the old man drank the three buckets. "Well then, you should ask the horse washer over there for help." the cow washer announced.

The old man headed in the direction he was pointed to and saw a horse washer washing a horse in the river. "Oh, horse washer, have you seen a sparrow with a cut tongue?" "Yes, I have seen it. But unless you drink three buckets of the water I used to wash my horse, I will not tell you." Again, the old man drank the water. "Hmm, you should ask the vegetable washer over there." the horse washer pointed.

The old man headed in that direction. There he saw the radish washer washing radish in the stream. "Hi radish washer, have you seen a sparrow with a cut tongue?" "Yes, I have seen it. But unless you drink three buckets of water I used to wash the radish, I will not tell you." The old man drank the water patiently as asked."You should go to the bamboo grove over there," he was told.

“Tongue-cut sparrow, where have you gone? Ochon, where have you gone? The old man went inside the bamboo grove, and from the inside of a hole in a bamboo stalk, he heard a sparrow’s voice. “Is this the old man, or the old woman?” the voice asked. “It is me, the old man.” “Okay, then come inside quickly.” the voice responded. The old man looked inside the hole on the bamboo stalk, and suddenly, everything became dark, and he became unconscious.

Once he regained consciousness, the old man was in a beautiful, elegant room. “Thank you for coming, old man.” There were sparrows wearing lovely kimonos who were carrying delicious-looking food and were singing songs. The old man, captivated by this show, lost track of time.

When the old man was getting ready to go home, the sparrows brought him two baskets. “Old man, here is a gift for you. Would you like the heavy basket or the light basket?” “I am old so I would like to have the light one.”

Later, the old man returned home and opened the basket, and inside was a various assortment of coins. “Oh my, old man, where did you get that?” “I was given this from the sparrows.” he replied. The old manelaborated to the old woman what had happened that day. Without hesitation, the old woman answered, “You are such a fool! Why didn’t you choose the heavy basket instead? Well then, I will go.”

Photo by Maya Reich

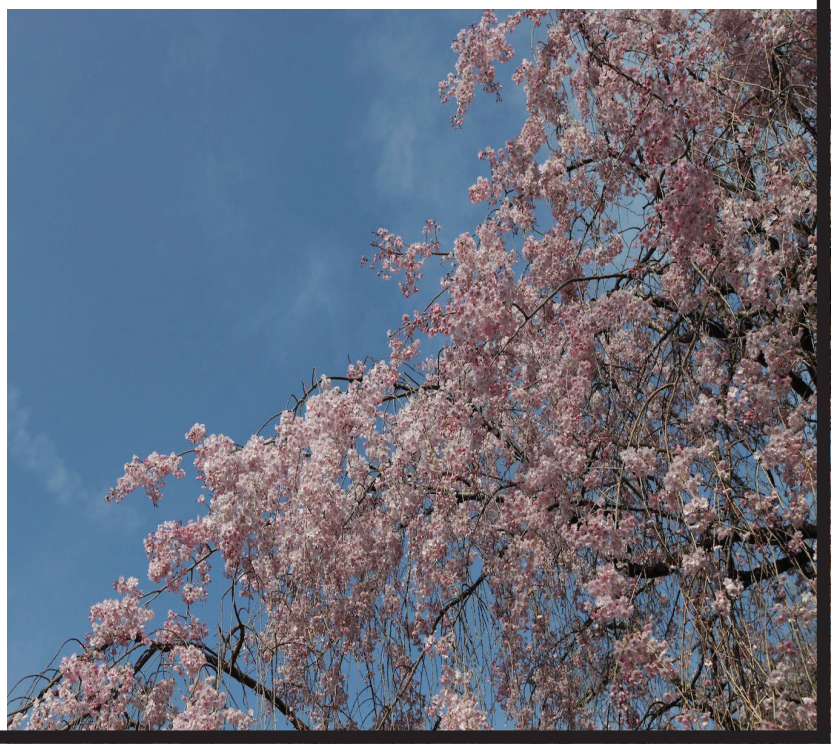
Tongue-cut sparrow, where have you gone? Ochon, where have you gone? The old woman called out and she heard sparrows' voices from within the hole in the bamboo. "Is this the old man, or the old woman?" "This is the old woman." she replied. "Okay, then please come inside quickly"

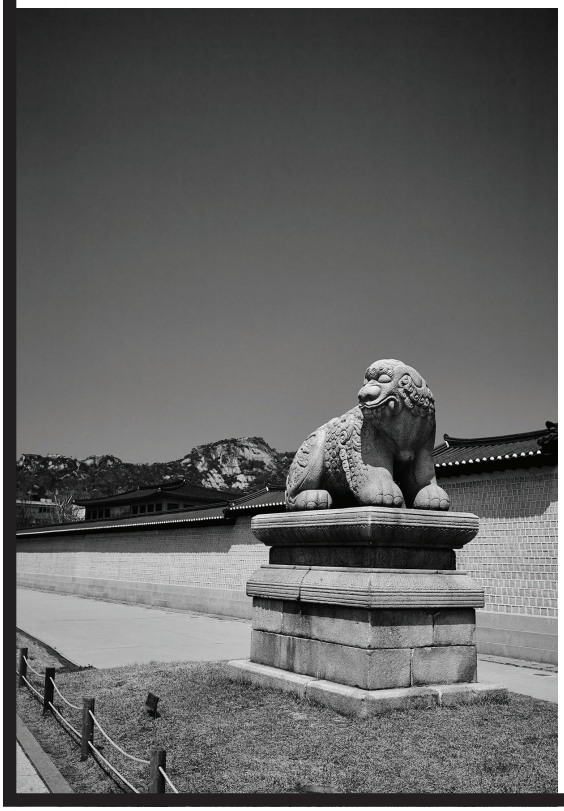
Once inside, she regained consciousness and suddenly she was sitting inside a beautiful room. The sparrows who were wearing kimonos brought her tea. "What is this! I don't want tea," she barked. "Hurry up, just give me the basket." The old woman took the heavy basket and she left hurriedly.

However, the basket was too heavy and the old woman stumbled this way and that way. At last, she stepped out of the bamboo grove and could not go any further. "While I rest, maybe I should see what is inside?" The old woman lowered the basket to the ground and carefully opened the lid.

"AHHH!"

The old woman screamed, shocked. Horrifyingly, from within the basket came snakes and centipedes and other creatures crawling out that bit the old woman to death.





Photos by Rachel Kang

Original poem by Cindy Xu & Wang
Translated by Yvette Shi '19

（一）

收到你的信之后
我一直在思考

要如何蒸馏
墨水间栖息的灵魂

要如何捕捉
信纸间藏匿的指纹

要如何驯化
往空气逃逸的体香

又要如何拿它治愈思念成疾
病入膏肓的诗人

1

Since receiving your letter
I have been thinking

How to distill
The soul resting amidst the ink

How to grasp
The fingerprints concealed in the lines

How to tame
The body scent escaping to the air

And how to cure the poet
Terminally illed by the longing

Photo by James Kipp

（二）

提笔写信给你前
我一直踌躇：

该如何贴近
海角外自由的心房

该如何诉说
黄昏里痴醉的春梦

该如何所求
落叶季抚慰的体温

又该如何倍它传递光年之外
渺小甚微的星光

2

Before writing to you
I have been hesitating

How to press close to
The heart freed from the cape

How to narrate
The fantasy infatuated at dusk

How to look for
The warmth consoled in the leaves falling season

And how to transmit through it
The infinitesimal starlight light years away

Photo by James Kipp

「おみやげ」星　新一・作

フロル星人たちの乗った一台の宇宙船は、星々の旅をつづける途中、ちょっと地球へも立ち寄った。しかし、人類と会うことはできなかった。なぜなら、人類が出現するよりずっと昔のことだったのだ。
フロル星人たちは宇宙船を着陸させ、ひと通りの調査をしてから、こんな意味のことを話しあった。
「どうやら、わたしたちのやってくるのが、早すぎたようですね。この星には、まだ、文明らしきものはありません。最も知能のある生物といったら、サルぐらいなものです。もっと進化したものがあらわれるには、しばらく年月がかかります。」
「そうか。それは残念だな。文明をもたらそうと思って立ち寄ったのに。しかし、このまま引きあげるのも心残りだ。」
「どうしましょうか。」
「おみやげを残して帰るとしよう。」
フロル星人たちは、その作業にとりかかった。金属製の大きなタマゴ型の容器を作り、そのなかにいろいろのものを入れたのだ。
簡単に宇宙を飛びまわれるロケットの設計図。あらゆる病気をなおし、若がえることのできる薬の作り方。みなが平和に暮らすには、どうしたらいいかを書いた本。さらに、文字が通じないといけないので、絵入りの辞書をも加えた。
「作業は終りました。将来、住民たちがこれを発見したら、どんなに喜ぶことでしょう。」
「ああ、もちろんだとも。」
「しかし、早くあけすぎて、価値のある物とも知らずに捨ててしまうことはないでしょうか。」
「これは丈夫な金属でできている。これをあけられるぐらいに文明が進んでいれば、書いてあることを理解できるはずだ。」
「そうですね。ところで、これをどこに残しましょう。」
「海岸ちかくでは、津波にさらわれて海の底に沈んでしまう。山の上では、噴火したり

するといけない。それらの心配のない、なるべく乾燥した場所がいいだろう。」フロル星人たちは、海からも山からもはなれた砂漠のひろがっている地方を選び、そこに置いて飛びたっていった。
砂の上に残された大きな銀色のタマゴは、昼間は太陽を反射して強く光り、夜には月や星の光を受けて静かに輝いていた。あけられる時を待ちながら。
長い長い年月がたっていった。地球の動物たちも少しずつ進化し、サルのなかまのなかから道具や火を使う種族、つまり人類があらわれてきた。
なかにはこれを見つけた者(もの)があったかもしれない。だが、気味わるがって近よろうとはしなかったろうし、近づいたところで、正体を知ることはできなかったにちがいない。
銀色のタマゴはずっと待ちつづけていた。砂漠地方なので、めったに雨は降らなかった。もっとも、雨でぬれてもさびることのない金属でできていた。
時どき強い風が吹いた。風は砂を飛ばし、タマゴを埋めたりもした。しかし、埋めっぱなしでもなかった。べつな風によって、地上にあらわれることもある。これが何度となく、くりかえされていたのだった。
また、長い長い年月が過ぎていった。人間たちはしだいに数がふえ、道具や品物も作り、文明も高くなってきた。
そして、ついに金属製のタマゴの割れる日が来た。しかし、砂のなかから発見され、喜びの声とともに開かれたのではなかった。下にそんなものが埋まっているとは少しも気づかず、その砂漠で原爆実験がおこなわれたのだ。
その爆発はすごかった。容器のそとがわの金属ばかりでなく、なかにつめてあったものまで、すべてをこなごなにし、あとかたもなく焼きつくしてしまったのだ。
「終わり」

Photo by Rachel Kang

“Souvenir” by Shinichi Hoshi

Translated by Shane Healy '18

A spaceship, carrying the people of Planet Flor, stopped by Earth for a little while during their journey from one star to another.

However, they were unable to meet with humankind, because they landed long, long before humanity made its appearance.

The Florians landed their spaceship and, after doing their usual examinations, talked amongst themselves about this.

“It seems like we have dropped by too early, doesn’t it? There is nothing resembling a civilization on this planet yet. If I were to decide which creature had the most intelligence, it would be something on the level of a monkey. It will take quite a long time for something more evolved to appear.”

“Is that so? That is a shame. Even though we dropped by thinking we would bring about a civilization…however, I would regret it if we withdrew with it still like this.”

“What shall we do?”
“Let us leave a souvenir, and then go home.”

The Florians began their work. They built a container made of metal in the shape of a large egg, and placed various things inside of it.

Blueprints for a rocket that can easily fly around outer space. The recipe for a medicine that can cure every disease and make one young again. A book written on what to do so that everyone lives in peace. Furthermore, because it would be no good if the text was not understood, they also included an illustrated dictionary.

“The work is finished. How delighted the people will be when they discover this in the future.”
“Yes, of course.”

“However, if they open it too early, won’t they end up throwing it away without understanding that it is a thing of value?”

“This is made from a strong metal. If their civilization has advanced enough to be able to

open this, they should be able to understand the things written there."
"That is true. Incidentally, where shall we leave this?"

"If it is near the coast, it will end up being washed away by a tsunami and sink to the bottom of the ocean. If it is atop a mountain, there might be a volcanic eruption, so that's no good. I think a place as dry as possible, without those worries, would be good."

The Florians chose a vast desert region, far away from both oceans and mountains, left it there, and took off.

The large silver egg, left atop the sand, would reflect the sun and shine brightly during the day, and then take in the light of the moon and stars and glitter peacefully at night. Waiting to be opened.

A long, long time passed. The animals on Earth evolved little by little, and from the comrades of the monkeys, a species that used tools and fire- that is to say, humanity- came into being.

Among them, there might have been those who found the egg. However, it is certain that they were unnerved by it and did not venture closer, or could not understand its true character upon approaching it.

The silver egg continued to wait the entire time. As it was in a desert region, rain fell upon it only rarely. Furthermore, it was made from a metal that would not rust even if it was wet by the rain.

Sometimes, a strong wind blew. The wind would kick up sand, and there were times when the egg was buried. However, it was not buried completely. Due to a different wind, there were also times when it was made visible above the ground. This happened to it any countless number of times.

Again, a long, long time passed. The humans gradually increased in number, made things like tools and goods, and civilization rose to a high.

And then, finally, the day the metal egg would be broken open came. However, it was not discovered among the sands and opened with cries of joy. Without noticing even one bit that such a thing was buried under the sand, an atomic bomb experiment was carried out in that desert.

The explosion was incredible. Everything turned to dust- not just the outside of the metal container, but the things packed inside as well- scorched completely, without a trace left behind.

END

Photo by James Kipp

Photo by Maddie Pronovost

Photo by Maddy Dickinson

Ilia Chavchavadze was a public figure in Georgia in the nineteenth century who even today is considered to be “the most revered hero”; he was an author of many poems and stories that would offset a Georgian national movement when the country was occupied by Russia. His mission was education of the Georgian people – he established a “literacy society” which helped Georgians learn how to read and write; he founded the very first Georgian newspaper and published many public letters appealing to the society for more liberal values. The letter presented below belongs to that category.

This public letter concerns itself with the movement at that time aimed at trying to convert local Georgian Muslim minority to Christianity. Although the particular details are not relevant to Georgia anymore, the overall message, given the era it was published, gives a good perspective of the era, given the circumstances of our times.

Tamri Matiashvili '18

Christianization of the Muslims

1880

Ilia Chavchavadze, translated by Tamri Matiashvili

The moment Batumi[1] and its Muslims joined Georgia again, some people started preaching immediately, that the first thing to be done is to baptize those Muslim Georgians; only when they are baptized will they become our true brothers; only Christianity can make them rest and get along with us.

One of these days we received a book published in Georgian from priest Siemon Bagiev called "polemic talk of the priest with an Ingilo[2] effendi". The entire goal of this book is to prove that Christianity is more advanced than Islam, that our New Testament is better than your Quran, in short, that whoever wants to have a good life here and then a happy afterlife, should be Christian and it advises all our Muslims to turn to Christianity. The author directly names the Muslims of Batumi and Saingilo, saying that he wrote that book for them.

Thank God, our Government does not share their views. It understands, that preaching, talking and trying to convert the Muslims to Christianity will do nothing but harm.

There are already rumors in this newly conquered part of Georgia, that the Russians want to forcefully convert them; and if we truly started preaching Christianity, shoving the New Testament and the books like these "Polemics" into their hands, they will believe the rumors that we want to convert them. And what will result from this does not require much deliberation and intellect; we are sure that the first result will be that whoever remains there, in their lands, will flee to the Ottoman Empire.

We don't understand why some people care so much and so obsessively and unthoughtfully about changing the religion of the Muslims. Maybe Christianity is more progressive for human civilization, is more in line with the requirements of this enlightened era. But are our lives nowadays only based on our faith and religion? Is it not possible for a man, that is people, to be neither a Christian, a Muslim nor idolatrous, but be a good man, that is people, on a path to good education and life success?

Our opinion on this is that preaching and trying will not do us any good. It is not christening of the Muslims from Batumi and other Mazras[3] that we should be trying to achieve, but if we want to win their hearts over, if we want to earn their compassion and love, to make them good, useful citizens of Russia, we should improve their ghastly economic situation, reduce poverty, eradicate ignorance, improve schools, show them brotherly love and help in everything, direct them to a true, real path in life, assign them a good administrator and a lawyer, etc.

A matter of faith is a matter of conscience – how is it any of our business who recognizes what religion and believe in what faith? He can be of whatever faith he wants; what he should be is a good and an honest man, hard-working and useful to both himself and his country. Our own high and supreme messiah Jesus Christ said that not faith makes a man, but his deeds.

It would not be too bad if all of the people, who will work with our Batumi Mazra Muslims, take these words by Jesus and the opinion expressed above into account.

[1]A seaside city in Georgia that was separated from Georgia and transferred to Turkey and was reconquered shortly before the publication of this letter.

[2]A person from a Georgian region "Saingilo

[3]Administrative district

Photo by Maddie Pronovost

მაჰმადიანთ გაქრისტიანება

შემოგვიერთდნენ თუ არა ბათომის მაზრის მაჰმადიან ქართველები, ზოგიერთებმა იმთავითვე ქადაგება და დამტკიცება დაიწყეს, რომ ყველაზე პირველად ჩვენ ის მაჰმადიანი ქართველები უნდა მოვნათლოთ, გავაქრისტიანოთო; მხოლოთ როცა მოინათლებიან, მაშინ შეიქნებიან ისინი ნამდვილ ჩვენ მოძმეებად, მხოლოთ მაშინ ქრისტიანობას შეუძლიან ამათი დამშვიდება და ჩვენთან მოთავსებაო.

ამ დღეებში მივიღეთ ჩვენ ახლად ქართულს ენაზე გამოცემული წიგნი მღვდლის სიმეონ ბეგიევისა, სახელად "პოლემიკური საუბარი მღვდლისა ინგილოთ ეფენდისთან". მთელი ამ წიგნის აზრი არის, დაამტკიცოს, რომ ქრისტიანობას უპირატესობა აქვს მაჰმადიანობაზედაო, ჩვენი სახარება სჯობიან თქვენს ყორანსაო, ერთის სიტყვით, ვისაც სააქაოს კეთილი ცხოვრება ჰსურს და საიქაოს ცხონება, უნდა ქრისტიანი იყოსო და ამიტომ ჩვენებურ მაჰმადიანებს ურჩევს, გაქრისტიანდითო. ავტორი პირდაპირ ასახელებს ინგილოებსა და ბათომის მხარის მაჰმადიან ქართველებს, – ამათთვის დავწერე ეს წიგნიო.

მადლობა ღმერთს, რომ ჩვენი უმაღლესი მთავრობა ამ აზრის არ არის. იმას კარგათ ესმის, ქადაგება, ლაპარაკი და ცდა, რომ მაჰმადიანი ქართველები გააქრისტიანონ, ვნების მეტს, არაფერ სიკეთეს არ მოიტანს.

ახლადდაპყრობილ საქართველოს ნაწილში უიმისოთაც გავრცელებულია ცრუ ხმა, რომ რუსები ძალათ გაქრისტიანებას გვიპირებენო, და ახლა რომ მართლა ჩვენ იქ ქრისტიანობის ქადაგება დავიწყოთ, ხელში სახარება მივაჩეჩოთ და ამ "პოლემიკურ საუბრის" მსგავსი წიგნები, ისინი,

[3] Administrative district

უეჭველია, დარწმუნდებიან, რომ რასაც აძბობდხეხ, ძართალი ყოფილაო, ძართლა გაქრისტიანება ნდომებიათ ჩვენიო. და რა მოქმედება ექმნება ამგვარ ხმის გავარდნას მაჰმადიან ქართველებში, ამის გამოცნობას ბევრი ჭკუა და მახვილგონიერება არ ეჭირება; ჩვენ დარწმუნებული ვართ, პირველი შედეგი ამისი ის იქნება, რომ ვინც დარჩენილან ჯერ კიდევ თავის ქვეყანაში, ისინიც ოსმალეთისაკენ გარდაიხვეწებიან.

ვერ გაგვიგია, რად ზრუნავენ ეს ზოგიერთი პირები ასე ერთგულად, ასე წინდაუხედავათ, რომ ყველაზე პირველად სარწმუნოებას შეეხონ, რჯული გამოუცვალონ მაჰმადიანებს? იქნება ქრისტიანობა უფრო წინწამწევია კაცობრიობის ცხოვრებისა, უფრო ეთვისება ეხლანდელ განათლებულ დროის მოთხოვნილებასა და სწავლას. მაგრამ განა მარტო სარწმუნოებაზედ, რჯულზედ არის ახლანდელი კაცობრიობის ცხოვრება დამყარებული? განა არ შეიძლება კაცი ანუ ხალხი არც ქრისტიანი იყოს, არც მაჰმადიანი, არც კერპთთაყვანისმცემელი, მაგრამ კარგი კაცი ანუ კარგი ხალხი იყოს, კარგს განათლების გზაზედ დამდგარი და ცხოვრებაში ყოველმხრივ წარმატებული?

ჩვენი აზრი ეს არის, რომ ქადაგებას და ცდას ამგვარ შემთხვევაში არავითარი სიკეთის მოტანა არ შეუძლიან. გაქრისტიანებას კი არ უნდა ვცდილობდეთ ჩვენ ახლა ბათომის და სხვა მაზრების ქართველ მაჰმადიანებისა, არამედ, თუ გვინდა, რომ იმათი გული მოვიგოთ, თუ გვინდა, რომ იმათის მხრით თანაგრძნობა და სიყვარული დავიმსახუროთ, რომ კარგ, სასარგებლო რუსეთის ქვეშევრდომებად გავხადოთ, ყველაზე პირველად იმათ გაჭირვებული ეკონომიური მდგომარეობა უნდა გავაუმჯობესოთ, სიღარიბე შევამციროთ, უმეცრება მოვსპოთ, სკოლები გავმართოთ, ძმური სიყვარული და შემწეობა აღმოვუჩინოთ ყოველ საქმეში, სწორ, ნამდვილ გზაზე დავაყენოთ ცხოვრებაში, კარგი მოსამართლე და ადმინისტრატორები დავუყენოთ და სხვ. და სხვ.

სარწმუნოების საქმე სინდისის საქმეა, რა ჩვენი საქმეა – ვინ როგორ სარწმუნოებას აღიარებს, ვინ რა რჯულის არის? რა რჯულიც ჰსურს, იმ რჯულზე იყოს; მხოლოდ კარგი, პატიოსანი კაცი იყოს, მშრომელი და თავისთვის და ქვეყნისათვისაც სასარგებლო. თვითონ ჩვენი მაღალის და უზენაესის მოძღვრის იესო ქრისტეს სიტყვაა, რომ რჯული არ შეიქმს კაცს, არამედ საქმეო.

ურიგო არ იქნება, რომ ამ ქრისტეს სიტყვებითა და ზემოხსენებულ მოსაზრებით იხელმძღვანელონ ყველა იმათ, ვისაც ბათომის მაზრის ქართველ მაჰმადიანებთან ექნებათ საქმე.

1880

Photo by Maddie Pronovost

“A(n) (Un)bearable Day”

I wake up
But I don’t want to get up
I get up
But I don’t want the day to start
Finally, the day starts
But I can’t wait to go back to sleep
I walk around almost unconscious
Barely alive
Forever awaiting the next meaningless task
I feel nothing

But unexpectedly
You look at me and smile

And then
The day doesn’t seem so unbearable
And I can’t wait to go back to sleep
So tomorrow comes faster

Original in English
Translated to Russian and Spanish by Toni Cross '18

(Не)выносимый день»

Я проснусь
Но не хочу вставать
Встаю
Но не хочу, чтобы начать день
В конце, день начинается
Но терпеть не могу вернуться к моей кровати
Гуляю почти без сознания
Едва жива
Всегда в ожидании следующего бессмысленный труд
Я ничего не чувствую

Но неожиданно
Смотришь на меня и мне улыбаешься

А потом
Мне день больше не кажется настолько невыносимым

И терпеть не могу вернуться к моей кровати
Чтобы прибыть завтра быстрее

Original in English
Translated to Russian and Spanish by Toni Cross '18

Photo by Inez Lee

“Un día (in)aguantable”

Me despierto

Pero no me quiero levantar

Me levanto

Pero no quiero que comience el día

Al fin, el día empieza

Pero me muero por volver al sueño

Ando casi inconsciente

Apenas viva

Siempre a la espera para la siguiente tarea sin sentido

No siento nada

Pero inesperadamente

Me miras y sonríes

Y despúes

No me parece tan inaugantable el día

Y me muero por volver al sueño

Para que mañana llegue más rápido

Original in English
Translated to Russian and Spanish by Toni Cross '18

Photo by Maya Reich

“En el reino de la basura” por Rima de Vallbona

Fea, horrible, hedienda, ojoslegañosos, chorreamocos, hedés a orines y a pan mojado. Las costras te hacen mapas oscuros en los brazos, en las piernas, en la cara. Piojosa, pulguienta, todo el polvo de la calle apestosa a boñiga, lo llevás en las greñas y en lo opaco de los ojos. ¿Cómo cabe tanto polvo en el ojal de tus ojos y en el montoncillo de tu carne? !Inútil, no sabés ni apañar la bola, ni hacer jugadas con los chumicos, ni bailar el trompo de guachipelín! !Inútil! ¿Para qué servís? ¿Servís de algo acaso? Pertenecés al rincón de los chunches viejos donde te podés confundir con las cosas inservibles. No, mejor a la basura. Entre las cáscaras de plátano y chayote, entre la broza de café, los jugos pútridos de las frutas a medio comer y la hediondez de la carroña. En el hueco del excusado estarías mejor, diluidas tus costras y fetidez en los excrementos y la hedentina, para que no molestes a nadie... en el hueco del excusado... en el fondo de la basura...

Desde el rincón de su soledad, la niña contempla el juego bullanguero de los chiquillos lavados, peinaditos y con zapatos. Mira el suelo y se pregunta por qué --millones de por-qués le pululan por dentro--... Se pregunta por qué a sus piececillos desnudos les tocó endurecerse con la grava y la tierra áspera.

Los otros niños levantan una algarabía de gritos en la ronda, para hacer más vistosa su presencia limpia y aliñada, su tez blanca. La pequeña, muy sola se aovilla en la pelotita insignificante de su alma y desaparece suprimida por el ansia de ser nada.

Fea-horrible-mocosa. No nos mirés, que nos van a caer mal los confites y los mangos de puro asco que nos das. No te arrimés, tu olor a orines y a trapos empapados de sudores nos marea. Andate a llevar el portaviandas a tu tata que trabaja en nuestros cafetales, y no volvás por aquí.

!Inútil! !Inútil! ¿Para qué servís? ¿Para qué estás en el mundo con nosotros?

Las lágrimas de la niña son también oscuras al abrir surcos en el mapa terroso de las mejillas. ¿Por qué? ¿Por qué? ¿Por qué? ...

Tonta, zopenca. No hablás como nosotros. No sabés ni hablar. No decís nunca nada.

En la casa, la madre le da un empujón, un pellizco, "vagabunda, dejá de perecear y loquear".

En la calle es tanto lo que quiere hacerse invisible, que tropieza con todo.

Un día la chiquillada bullanguera pega un grito en medio del juego y señala con horror el basural del baldío: entre cáscaras de plátano y chayote, entre broza de café y jugos pútridos, entre sobras de comida, escombros y papeles rotos, la niña fea, sucia, apestosa, está muerta.

-- !Pobrecita!

-- !Qué feo morir así!

-- Alguien la mató. !Tan buena que era!

-- ¿Quién la mató? Si no molestaba... siempre en el mismo rincón...

En el reino de la basura, la niña fea y repugnante por primera vez tiene una plácida sonrisa de satisfacción. En el reino de la basura...

FIN

Photo by Maddie Pronovost

“In the Kingdom of Garbage” by Rima de Vallbona

Translated to English by Shane Healy '18

Ugly, horrible, annoying, droopy-eyed and dripping with mucus, you stink of urine and wet bread. Your scabs make dark maps on your arms, your legs, your face. Lousy, flea-bitten, you carry all the dust from the street, foul from the horse shit, in the matted tangles of your hair and in the dullness of your eyes. How does so much dust fit in the buttonholes of your eyes and in that little pile of flesh? Useless, you don’t even know how to handle the ball, nor how to play games with the soapberries, nor how to do the dance of the guachipelín tree! Useless! What purpose do you serve? Do you even serve a purpose? You belong in the corner with the old odds and ends, where they’ll confuse you with all the other useless things. No, better in the trash. Amongst the banana peels and the rinds of the chayote squash, amongst the coffee grounds, the putrid juices of half-eaten fruits, and the stench of carrion. You’d be better off deep in the pit of the toilet, your scabs and fetidness diluted by the excrement and stench, so that you won’t bother anybody…in the pit of the toilet…at the bottom of the garbage…

From the corner of her solitude, the girl gazes at the rowdy game that the kids, who are washed, groomed, and wearing shoes, are playing. She looks at the floor and asks herself why- millions of ‘why’s swarm inside of her- she asks herself why her little, naked feet must toughen up on the gravel and the rough earth. The other children raise a din of shouts on their patrol, to make more spectacular their clean and well-dressed presence, their white complexions. The tiny girl, very alone, rolls herself into the small, insignificant ball of her soul and disappears, overcome by the yearning to be nobody.

Ugly-horrible-brat. Don't look at us, or we'll get sick from the candies and mangoes of pure disgust that you give us. Don't come any closer, your smell of urine and rags soaked in sweat makes us dizzy. Go and bring your father, who works in our coffee plantations, his lunchbox and never come back here.

Useless! Useless! What purpose do you serve? Why are you in this world with us?

The girl's tears, too, became dark when they opened their furrows in the muddy map of her cheeks. Why? Why? Why...

Stupid dunce. You don't talk like us. You don't even know how to talk. You never say anything.

At home, her mother gives her a shove, a pinch, "you stray girl, stop dawdling and fooling around".

In the street, she wants so much to make herself invisible, to bump into everything.

One day, the rambunctious children let out a cry in the middle of their game, and point out with horror the rubbish dump in the vacant lot: amongst banana peels and rinds of chayote squash, amongst coffee grounds and putrid juices, amongst leftover food, debris, and torn papers, the ugly girl, dirty and reeking, is dead.

"Poor thing!"

"How ugly it is to die like that!"

"Somebody killed her. How wonderful she was!"

"Who killed her? If she wasn't bothering them…always in the same corner…"

In the kingdom of garbage, the ugly and repugnant girl has for the first time a placid smile of satisfaction. In the kingdom of garbage…

END

63 -Yehuda Amichai with Ted Hughes

Translated by Emma McDonald '16

When a man has been away from his homeland a long time,

his language becomes more and more precise

less and less impure,

like precise clouds of summer

on their blue background

which will never rain.

Thus, all those who were once lovers

still speak the language of love, sterile

and clear, never changing, and never

getting any response.

But I, who have stayed here, dirty my mouth

and my lips and my tongue.

In my words there is garbage of soul

and refuse of lust and dust and sweat.

Even the water I drink in this dry land,

between screams and memories of love,

is urine recycled back to me

through complicated circuits.

Cuando un hombre ha sido lejos de su patria por mucho tiempo

su lengua se vuelve más y más precisa

menos y menos impura,

como las nubles precisas Del verano

enfrente de su fondo azul

que nunca lloverá.

Photo by Rachl Kang

Así, todos que eran alguna vez amantes

todavía hablan el idioma de amor, estéril

y claro, nunca cambiando, y nunca

recibiendo una respuesta.

Photo by Maddy Dickinson

Pero yo, quien me quedé aquí, me ensucia la boca

y los labios y la lengua.

En mis palabras hay basura de la alma

y desecho de la lujuria y del polvo y del sudor.

Incluso el agua que bebo en esta tierra seca,

entre alaridos y recuerdos del amor

es orina reciclada de vuelta de mi

mediante circuitos complejos.

Photo by Maya Reich

Morning.
Robert Lax (from the Circus of the Sun)

In the beginning (in the beginning of time to say the least) there were the compasses. Whirling in void their feet traced out beginnings and endings, beginning and end in a single line. Wisdom danced also in circles for these were her kingdom. The sun spun, worlds whirled, the seasons came round, and all things went their rounds; but in the beginning, beginning and end were in one.

And in the beginning was love. Love made a sphere, and all things grew within it. The sphere then encompassed beginnings and endings, beginning and end. Love had a compass whose whirling dance traced out a sphere of love in the void; in the center thereof rose a fountain.

Photo by James Kipp

Morgen.
Am Anfang (mindestens am Anfang der Zeit)

gab es die Kompasse. Wirbelnd zeichneten ihre Füße in der Leere
Anfänge und Endungen auf, Anfänge und Endungen in einer
einzigen Linie. Die Weisheit tanzte auch im Kreis, weil Kreise ihr
Königreich ausmachten. Die Sonne drehte sich, die Welten
wirbelten, die Jahreszeiten kamen vorbei, und alle Dinge machten
die Runde; aber am Anfang waren Anfang und Ende einteilig.

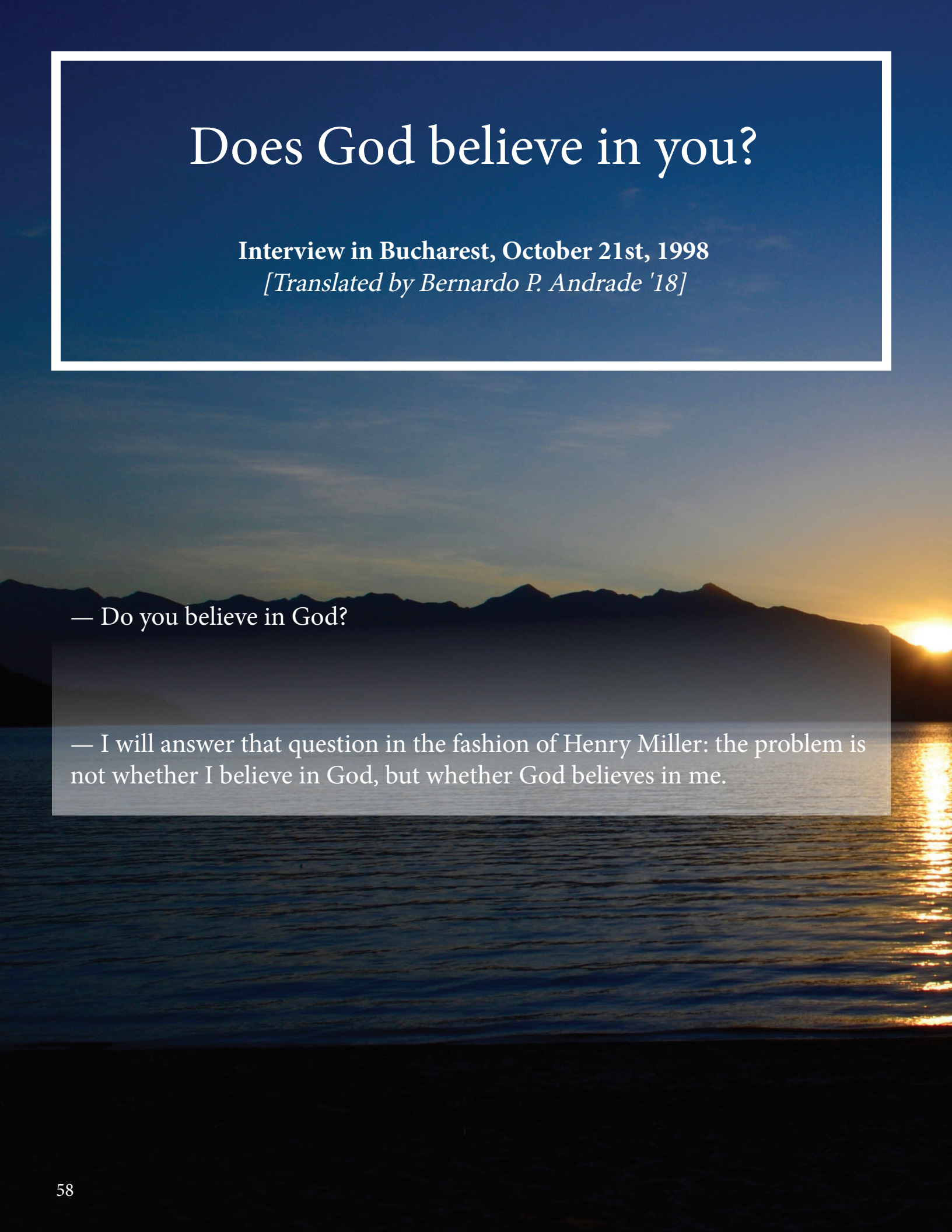
Und am Anfang gab es die Liebe. Die Liebe machte eine Kugel,
und alle Sachen wachsten da drin. Die Kugel umfasste dann
Anfänge und Endungen, Anfang und Ende. Die Liebe hatte einen
Kompass, dessen wirbelnden Tanz einen Kreis der Liebe in der
Leere aufzeichnete; in dessen Zentrum einen Springbrunnen
aufstieg.

I chose to translate a portion of Robert Lax's poem "Circus of the Sun" into German out of curiosity. To me, the poem in English has a tight-knit feel that is made possible through the language Lax employs. In his later concrete poetry, the sounds and rhythm of the language are at the forefront of his work. I wanted to see how translating this poem to German might affect the flow and the meaning of the poem in order to better appreciate and understand Lax's original word choice and his evolution as a poet.

Emma McDonald '16

Does God believe in you?

Interview in Bucharest, October 21st, 1998
[Translated by Bernardo P. Andrade '18]



— Do you believe in God?

— I will answer that question in the fashion of Henry Miller: the problem is not whether I believe in God, but whether God believes in me.

The reality of God is for me an invincible evidence, to the extent that we take God to be identical with a metaphysical infinitude which is the very basis of all possible reality. People today have somewhat of a difficulty comprehending this, because they have let themselves be deceived by false logics (like that of Georg Cantor, for instance), and ended up losing all sense of a metaphysical infinitude.

Mill's response touches on the fact that our life is a story written both by God and by ourselves, and that in the plot we run the risk of choosing the role of a fraud, of a liar, of a deceiver. It is important to have true ideas, of course, but that is not all. We also need to live in truth, that is, not to pretend that we know what we do not, nor that we do not know what we know perfectly well. If we are not faithful to these two exigencies, our life is a lie, and the supposedly truthful content of our thoughts is nothing but a piece of the total fraud – that portion of the truth that a lie needs to make itself persuasive. Then God cannot believe in us because, in the end, we do not exist.

Olavo de Carvalho

Photo by Maddie Pronovost

Deus acredita em você?

Entrevista em Bucareste, 21 de outubro, 1998.
[Original in Portuguese]

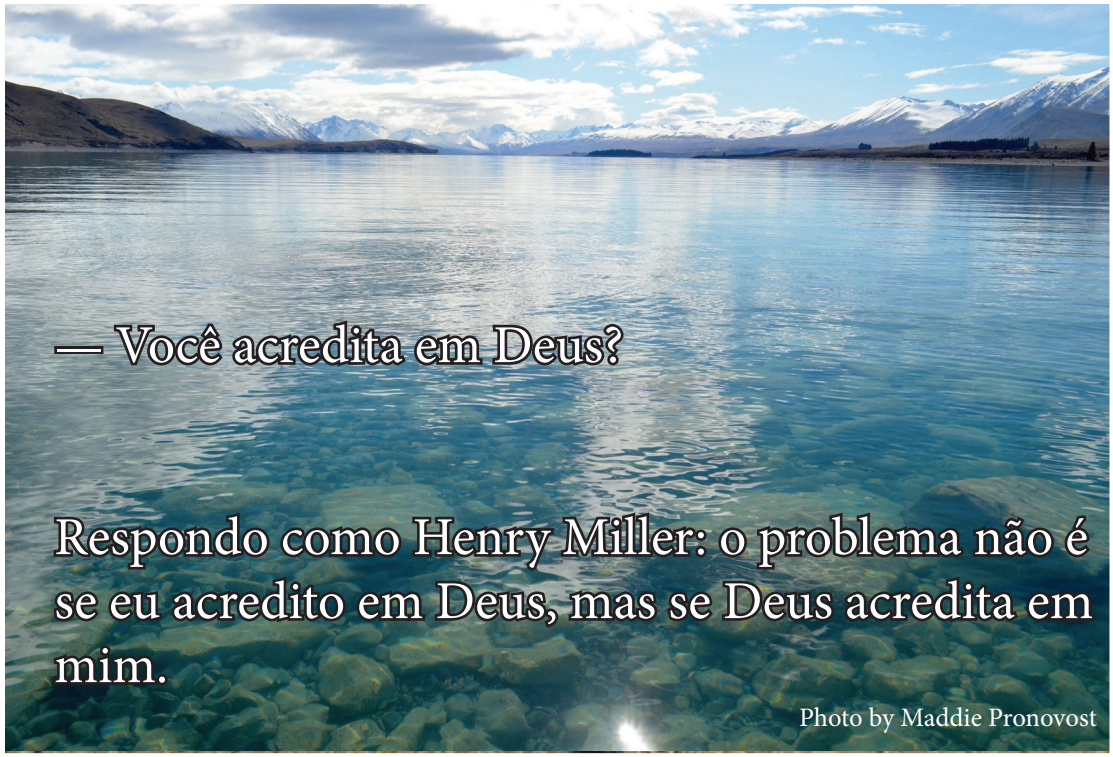


Photo by Eliza Jaeger

A realidade de Deus é para mim uma evidência invencível, na medida em que Deus se identifica com a infinitude metafísica que é o fundamento de toda realidade possível. As pessoas hoje em dia têm alguma dificuldade de compreender isso porque se deixaram enganar por falsas lógicas (como a de Georg Cantor, por exemplo) e acabaram por perder todo sentido da infinitude metafísica.

A resposta de Miller significa que nossa vida é uma história escrita tanto por Deus quanto por nós mesmos, e que no enredo você corre o risco de escolher o papel de farsante, de mentiroso, de vigarista. É importante ter ideias verdadeiras, mas isso não é tudo. É preciso também viver no verdadeiro, isto é, não fingir que você sabe o que não sabe, nem que não sabe aquilo que sabe perfeitamente bem. Se você não é fiel a essas duas exigências, sua vida é uma mentira e o conteúdo pretensamente verdadeiro de seus pensamentos não é senão uma parte da farsa total - aquela parcela de verdade de que a mentira precisa para se tornar mais verossímil. Aí Deus não pode acreditar em você, porque, no fundo, você não existe.

Olavo de Carvalho

Photo by Maddie Pronovost

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